PROLUSIONES LITERARIÆ

QUÆ IN D. PAULI SCHOLA

AUT PRÆMIIS QUOTANNIS PROPOSITIS

AUT SALTEM HONORE DIGNÆ

SUNT HABITÆ

COMITIIS MAJORIBUS DIE MAII XXVII.

A.S.H. MDCCCLVII.

DIFFICILIS CAUSA LAUDARE PUERUM, NON ENIM RES LAUDANDA SED SPES EST.—*Cicero.*

FIDE ET LITERIS.

LONDINI:
CURA T. FELLOWES.
MDCCCLVII.

TYPIS EXCUDIT R. CLAY.

TO THE READER.

The High Master wishes it to be distinctly understood, that these Exercises are printed without correction or addition of his, or the other Masters, or even the Authors themselves, with the slightest possible exceptions, since the award of the Prizes.

H. K.

St. Paul's,
May 27, 1857.

GOVERNORS' PRIZES.

GREEK VERSE TRANSLATION,

BY T. N. MILLER,

CAPTAIN OF THE SCHOOL.

WITH A TRANSLATION OF THE SAME PASSAGE,

BY F. M. WILLIAMS,

SIXTH MONITOR.

SHAKESPEARE, MACBETH, Act IV. Sc. 3.

ROSSE. MACDUFF. MALCOLM.

Ro. Let not your ears despise my tongue for ever,
Which will possess them with the heaviest sound,
That ever yet they heard.
Mac. Humph! I guess at it.
Ro. Your castle is surprised; your wife and babes
Savagely slaughtered; to relate the manner,
Were, on the quarry of these murder'd deer,
To add the death of you.
Mal. Merciful Heaven!
What man ne'er pull your hat upon your brows;
Give sorrow words: the grief, that does not speak,
Whispers the o'erfraught heart and bids it break.
Mac. My children too?
Ro. Wife, children, servants; all
That could be found.
Mac. And I must be from thence.
My wife killed too?
Ro. I have said.
Mal. Be comforted.
Let's make us med'cines of our great revenge,
To cure this deadly grief.
Mac. He has no children.—All my pretty ones?
Did you say all?—O hell-kite!—all?

IDEM GRÆCE REDDITUM.

ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ. ΑΝΑΚΤΕΣ.

ΑΓΓ. Μὴ γλῶσσαν ἀεὶ τοῦδ' ἀτιμάσῃς κλύων,
εἰ νῦν σὲ πάντων, ὧνπερ ἔκλυές ποτε,
βάλλει δι' ὤτων τλημονέστατος λόγος.
ΑΝ. Α. φεῦ·
οὐ δυσκρίτως γε ταῦτ' ἔχοιμ' ἂν εἰκάσαι.
ΑΓΓ. τὸ μὲν μέλαθρον σὸν πεπορθῆται βίᾳ
κατασφαγεῖσα δ' ἀγρίως διώλετο
ξὺν παισὶ μητήρ· τὸν τρόπον λέγων ὅτῳ
ταῦτ' ἐξεπράχθη, τοῖσδε τοῖς τεθνηκόσιν
ἄλλον σὲ νεκρὸν προστιθείην ἂν τάχα.
ΑΝ. Β. ὦ θεοί·
σὺ δὲ τί σιωπᾷς, ἀμφιθεὶς πέπλοις κάρα;
ἄλγη προφώνει· τό γε τρέφον σιγῇ κακὰ
κέαρ τέθραυσται πόλλ' ὑπειπόντος βάρους.
ΑΝ. Α. ἦ καὶ βέβηκε τέκνα;
ΑΓΓ. πάντες, ἐν δόμοις
ὅσοι παρῆσαν, πρόσπολοι, παῖδες, γυνή.
ΑΝ. Α. ἐγὼ δ' ἀπῆν τόθ'· ἡ γυνὴ διώλετο;
ΑΓΓ. σαφῶς λέλεκται πᾶς λόγος.
ΑΝ. Β. παῦσαι γόων·
ἀλλ' ἡμὶν ἔστω φάρμαχ' ἡ τιμωρία,
τάσδ' ὥστ' ἰᾶσθαι θανασίμους ἀλγηδόνας.
ΑΝ. Α. οὐκ ἐστὶ τέκνα τῷδέ γ'· ἆρ' ἅπαντα δὴ
κταθέντ' ἔλεξας τἀμὰ προσφίλεστατα;
ὦ δὴ σὺ κίρκος θρέμμα νερτέρας χθόνος,

What, all my pretty chickens, and their dam,
At one fell swoop?

MAL. Dispute it like a man.

MAC. I shall do so;
But I must also feel it like a man:
I cannot but remember such things were,
That were most precious to me. Did Heaven look on,
And would not take their part? Sinful Macduff,
They were all struck for thee! naught that I am,
Not for their own demerits, but for mine,
Fell slaughter on their souls: Heaven rest them now.

MAL. Be this the whetstone of your sword: let grief
Convert to anger, blunt not the heart, enrage it.

MAC. O, I could play the woman with mine eyes
And braggart with my tongue!—But, gentle Heaven,
Cut short all intermission; front to front,
Bring thou this fiend of Scotland, and myself,
Within my sword's length set him; if he 'scape,
Heaven forgive him too!

MAL. This tune goes manly.
Come, go we to the king; our power is ready,
Our lack is nothing but our leave: Macbeth
Is ripe for shaking, and the powers above
Put on their instruments. Receive what cheer you may,
The night is long that never finds the day.

ἦ καὶ νεόσσους νηλεῶς κατέκτανες
ξὺν μητρὶ τούσδε πάντας ἁρπάσας ὁμοῦ ;
AN. B. νῦν οὖν σὲ πρὸς τάδ᾽ ἄνδρα γίγνεσθαι χρεών.
AN. A. ἀλλ᾽ ἄνδρα γ᾽ ὥσπερ ταῦτα δεῖ στένειν ἐμέ.
οὐ γὰρ πρὶν ὄντων ἐστὶ τῶνδ᾽ ἀμνημονεῖν,
οἵ μοί ποτ᾽ ἦσαν πλεῖστον εὐφιλέστατοι.
ἆρ᾽ οὖν θεὸς ταῦτ᾽ εἰσορῶν ἠνέσχετο,
κοὐ τοῖς πονοῦσι δῆλος ἦν ξυλλαμβάνων ;
οἴμοι τάλαιφρον· ἀντ᾽ ἐμοῦ πεπληγμένοι
δίκην ἔδωκαν· ὡς ἄρ᾽ εἰμ᾽ ἐγὼ κακός,
οὗτοι γὰρ αὑτῶν ἀλλ᾽ ἐμοῦ πρὸς αἰτίας
βίον σφαγέντες ἐξέπνευσαν ἄθλιοι.
αὐτοῖς δ᾽ ὅπως ἄριστα συμφέροι θεός.
AN. B. πρὸς ταῦτ᾽ ἂν εἴη φάσγανον νεηκονές·
ἔστω μὲν ὀργῇ ξυντεθηγμένον κέαρ,
λύπης παρούσης, μηδαμῶς δ᾽ ἀμβλυνέτω.
AN. A. αἰαῖ·
τάχ᾽ ἂν τρέποιμι, καίπερ ὢν γλώσσῃ θρασὺς
γυναικομίμους δακρύων πρὸς ἐκβολάς.
νῦν μὴ τριβὰς ἔτ᾽, ὦ θεῶν ἁγνὸν σέβας,
ἀλλ᾽, εὔχομαι, δός μ᾽ ἄντιον στῆναί ποτε,
χερῶν ἁμίλλᾳ, τῷδε δυσμενεστάτῳ,
ἔμ᾽ ὥστε τοῦτον ἀναλαβεῖν εἴσω ξίφους,
κἄπειτά μ᾽ ἐκφυγόντι συγγνοίη θεός.
AN. B. ἀνδρεῖα φωνεῖς· ἀλλ᾽ ἄγ᾽, οὐ μελλητέον·
στείχωμεν ὡς ἄνακτα τῆσδε γῆς, στρατὸς
πᾶς ἐσθ᾽ ἕτοιμος· δεῖ λέγειν χαίρειν μόνον.
ἀκμαῖος ἤδη τοῦ πεπρωμένου τυχεῖν
Μάκβηθός ἐστιν, ἔκ τε τῶν ἄνω θεῶν
ἀλάστορες σκήπτουσι. τοῖσί τοι κακῶς
δρῶσιν μακρὰ νύξ ἐστιν ἣν οὐχ ἡμέρας
ἀμείβεται φῶς διάδοχον σκότου πότε.

T. N. Miller.

ΜΑΚΔΟΥΦΟΣ. ΜΑΛΚΩΛΜΟΣ. ΑΝΑΞ.

ΑΝ. Μὴ νῦν καταφρονεῖτέ μ' εἰσαεὶ, λόγον
ἄλγιστον ἀγγέλλοντ' ἀνήκουστόν τέ σοι.
ΜΑΚ. αἰαῖ. κάκον τόδ' εἰκάσαι πάρεστί μοι.
ΑΝ. ἥκω, πατρῷον δῶμα σὸν πορθούμενον
λιπών· γυνή τ' ἤ παῖδες οὐκέτ' εἰσί σοι.
ἀτὰρ, περαίνων πάντα, τοῖς τεθνηκόσιν,
τὸν σόν γ' ἄναξ ὄλεθρον ἐξάπτω κακόν.
ΜΑΛ. ὦ θεοί. πρόσωπον μή ποτ' ἔμπαλιν στρέφε,
μηδ' ὄμμα χλωρὸν κρύπτ', ἄναξ, ὑφ' εἵματος.
καὶ μὴ κάτισχ' ἀλγήματ', ἀλλὰ τοῖς λόγοις
κούφιζε λύπην· εἰ γὰρ ἥσυχος στένει,
σιγῇ ταράσσειν καρδίαν λύπη φιλεῖ.
ΜΑΚ. καὶ τέκνα μου;
ΑΝ. καὶ τέκνα καὶ γυναῖκα σὴν,
δούλους τε πάντας, οὕστινάς γ' ἐλάμβανε,
διώλεσεν.
ΜΑΚ. καὶ δεῖ με τῶνδ' ἀποστατεῖν.
διώλεσεν γυναῖκά τ';
ΑΝ. εἴρηται λόγος.
ΜΑΛ. ἀλλ' ἡσύχαζε, καὶ παρευκηλοῦ λόγοις·
καὶ τῇ δικαίᾳ χρώμενος τιμωρίᾳ,
ὡς φαρμάκοισι δειν' ἀκοῦ λυπήματα.
ΜΑΚ. οὐ παῖδες αὐτῷ γ' εἰσι· πάντα φίλτατα,
φεῦ· πάντ' ἔλεξας; ὦ θεοὶ, τὰ πάντ' ἐμοῦ·
ἢ καὶ νεόσσους τοὺς ἐμοὺς, καὶ μητέρα
αὐτῶν, ἅπαντας προσβολῇ δεινῇ μιᾷ;
ΜΑΛ. εὐκαρδίως δὲ τλῆθι·

ΜΑΚ. ταῦτα χρὴ φέρειν,
ἀλλ' ἄνδρα γ' ὄντα ταῦτα χρὴ καταστένειν.
τῶν φιλτάτων δὲ τῶν τότ' οὐκ ἀμνημονῶ.
τί δ' ἔβλεπον μὲν ἡσυχάζοντες θεοί;
ἐμοὶ δ' ἔθνησκον πάντες, ὦ τάλας ἐγώ·
αὐτῶν γὰρ οὐ τεθνᾶσι νῦν δι' αἰτίας,
ἁμαρτιῶν δὲ τῶν ἐμῶν τὴν ζημίαν
φέροντες ὤλοντ', οὐδέν εἰμ' ὁ δύσμορος.
τὸ λοιπὸν εὐτυχοῖεν ἐν τοῖς οὐρανοῖς.
ΜΑΛ. πρὸς ταῦτα νῦν δεῖ φάσγανον θήγειν χερί·
καὶ μὴ ξυναλγεῖν τοῖσι σοῖς λυπήμασι,
χολοῦν δὲ χρῆ σε, μηδ' ἀπαμβλύνειν κέαρ.
ΜΑΚ. αἰαῖ· πάρεστιν ἀθρόον ἀποδοῦναι δάκρυ,
δεινάς τ' ἀπειλὰς καὶ λόγους ὑπερπίκρους.
ἀλλ' ὦ θεοὶ βροτοῖσιν ἠπιώτατοι
τάχ' εἰσακούεθ' ἃς ἐπεύχομαι λιτάς·
χρόνου δ' ἐᾶτε μηδὲν, ἀλλὰ φοίνιον
τοῦτον κατ' ὄμμα κἀμὲ νῦν καθίστατε·
εἰ δ' ἀβλαβὴς πανοῦργος ἐξοιχήσεται,
ξύγγνοιεν αὐτῷ δαίμονες πάντες τάδε.
ΜΑΛ. αἰνῶ τάδ', ὦναξ, ἀλλὰ νῦν τυραννικὰ
πρὸς δώματα στείχωμεν, ὡς ἡμᾶς τὸ πᾶν
μένει στράτευμα, κοὐδέν ἐστιν ἐνδεές·
ἀκμὴ βαδίζειν, καὶ πέπειρος ἐστὶ δὴ
Μάκβηθος εἰς τὸν θάνατον, οὐρανοί τε νῦν
αἰνοῦσιν ἡμᾶς· ἀλλὰ δεῖ παραψυχὴν
λαβεῖν μεγίστην, καὶ γάρ ἐσθ' ἡ νὺξ μακρὰ,
ἣν ἡ 'πιοῦσα λαμπὰς οὐ προσόψεται.

F. M. Williams.

GOVERNORS' PRIZES.

LATIN HEXAMETER TRANSLATION.

POPE.—TEMPLE OF FAME.

By PAUL WHALLEY,

FIFTH MONITOR.

WITH A SECOND TRANSLATION,

By THOMAS N. MILLER,

CAPTAIN OF THE SCHOOL.

POPE'S TEMPLE OF FAME.

The temple shakes, the sounding gates unfold,
Wide vaults appear, and roofs of fretted gold,
Rais'd on a thousand pillars wreath'd around
With laurel foliage, and with eagles crown'd:
Of bright transparent beryl were the walls,
The friezes gold, and gold the capitals;
As heav'n with stars, the roof with jewels glows,
And ever-living lamps depend in rows.
Full in the passage of each spacious gate,
The sage historians in white garments wait;
Grav'd o'er their seats the form of Time was found,
His scythe revers'd, and both his pinions bound.
Within stood heroes, who through loud alarms
In bloody fields pursued renown in arms.
High on a throne, with trophies charged, I view'd
The youth that all things but himself subdued;
His feet on sceptres and tiaras trod,
And his horn'd head belied the Libyan God.
There Cæsar, graced with both Minervas, shone;
Cæsar, the world's great master, and his own;
Unmoved, superior still in every state,
And scarce detested in his country's fate.
But chief were those who not for empire fought,
But with their toils the people's safety bought:
High o'er the rest Epaminondas stood;
Timoleon, glorious in his brother's blood;

IDEM LATINÈ REDDITUM.

CONCUTITUR templum: stridentes cardine rauco
Panduntur portæ, cameræque atque atria longe,
Atque aurata patent celsi laquearia tecti:
Quæ centum lauro vinctæ foliisque columnæ
Fortiter attollunt, aquilæque cacumina cingunt.
Instructi nitido muri lucere videntur
Beryllo, tectumque auro flavescit: et astris
Ut cœlum radiat, radiant laquearia gemmis,
Et vario pendent vivaces ordine lychni.
Janua ubi late valvas expandit apertas,
Exspectant niveis induti vestibus illi,
Pristina qui famæ scriptores facta dederunt.
Falce etiam inversâ, sculpta est, pennisque revinctis,
Temporis effigies. Intus, quos horrida belli,
Quos juvêre tubæ, quos rubri sanguine campi,
Nomen et egregiam famam per tela secuti,
Heroës steterunt grandes: et grandior illis
Qui vicit juvenis præter se cuncta, tropæis
Occupat incinctas sedes; domitasque virorum,
(Temporibus Libyci mentitus cornua divi,)
Sub pedibus galeas, mitrasque et sceptra volutat.
Hic quem utroque suo decoravit munere Pallas,
Enituit Cæsar, qui se, qui vicerat orbem;
Nec laudem eripuit vel sors, patriæve ruina.
At majus tenuêre decus, queis nulla libido
Imperii. Hos urbis studium compressit alendæ:
Hic Epaminondas sublato vertice: quîcum,
Cui decus injecit cædes fraterna, probatus

Bold Scipio, saviour of the Roman state,
Great in his triumphs, in retirement great;
And wise Aurelius, in whose well-taught mind
With boundless power unbounded virtue join'd,
His own strict judge and patron of mankind.
Much suffering heroes next their honours claim,
Those of less guilty, and less guilty fame,
Fair Virtue's silent train: supreme of these
Here ever shines the god-like Socrates:
He whom ungrateful Athens could expel
At all times just but when he sign'd the shell:
Here his abode the martyr'd Phocion claims,
With Agis not the last of Spartan names;
Unconquer'd Cato shows the wound he tore,
And Brutus his ill genius meets no more.
But in the centre of the hallow'd choir,
Six pompous columns o'er the rest aspire;
Around the shrine itself of fame they stand,
Hold the chief honours, and the fane command.
High on the first the mighty Homer shone;
Eternal adamant composed his throne;
Father of verse! in holy fillets drest,
His silver beard waved gently o'er his breast;
Though blind, a boldness in his looks appears;
In years he seem'd, but not impair'd by years.
The wars of Troy were round the pillar seen:
Here fierce Tydides wounds the Cyprian queen;
Here Hector glorious from Patroclus fall;
Here dragg'd in triumph round the Trojan wall.
Motion and life did every part inspire,
Bold was the work, and prov'd the master's fire.

Timoleon; clarusque paternis Scipio in armis,
Servator patriæ, laudandus sive triumphis
Clarus iter carpat, seu rustica vertat aratro
Jugera privatus. Neque abest sapientior illis,
Cui nemo potuit virtutis dicere fines,
Imperii nemo, vindex Aurelius æqui.
Deinde, ubi virtutis clarissima regna quiescunt,
Multa suos passi poscunt heroes honores,
Qui tacito insontes lætantur nomine. Primus
Socratis hic splendet vultus; tum splendet et ipse—
Quem patriâ ingrati potuêre expellere cives—
Æquus Aristides, testas inscribit iniquas.
Phocio, et hic sedes Spartanus vindicat Agis,
Hic Brutus, genio tandem sejunctus iniquo,
Indomitusque Cato, incassim sua vulnera monstrans.

Adsurgunt senæ media hæc altaria circum,
Præque aliis poscunt decus immortale columnæ.
Sustinet hic adamas primum sublimis Homerum,
Carminis auctorem; cui sacras infula frontes
Nectit, et albescens "fusa est in pectore barba."
Luminibus fallax exstinctis flamma relucet,
Et centum innocuis canent in crinibus anni.
Apparent circum niveas fera bella columnas.
Ecce ubi Tydides Cythercam fortior hastâ
Vulnerat: hic campo ferrum crispare, Patroclo
Devicto, visus, spoliisque insignior Hector,
Tum bigis circum raptatus mœnia currus
Tardat Achilleos: Totum sic plenior ornat
Vitaque opus motusque, et clarum ostentat apertè
Consilium Artificis magni, afflatumque Deorum.

P. Whalley.

Contremit omne adytum, stridentes cardine sacræ
Panduntur portæ; patuerunt atria vasta,
Et domus interior splendens laquearibus aureis,
Quam celsam innumeræ circum fulsere columnæ
Fronde coronatæ laurorum aquilisque recinctæ,
Culminaque auratis signis ornata renident.
Fulgida berylli nitidâ stant mœnia luce,
Utque polus stellis, ardent laquearia gemmis;
Quîs longo incensi dependent ordine lychni.
Hic ampla historici portarum limina servant
Vestibus induti niveis, supraque sedentes
Cernere erat multâ cœlatam Temporis arte
Et falce inversâ, formam, pennisque revinctis.
Qui famam audaces sævo discrimine Martis
Sectati, multo fædârant sanguine campos,
Magnanimi hic intra stabant heroës, et alte
Subnixus solio spoliis consedit onusto,
Omnia qui vincens, ipsum superare nequivit,
Sceptraque proculcat pedibus regumque tiaras,
Cornigero Libycus conspectus vertice divus.
Enitet hic Cæsar, belli pacisque peritus,
Qui dominus populos atque ipsum temperat idem
Indomitus, victorque viros supereminet omnes;
Captiva hunc quamvis infestum patria amavit.
Supremi ante alios qui non sibi regna petentes
Sunt multa ob patriam pugnando vulnera passi:
Quîs Epaminondas dux cunctis altior ibat;

Post quem Timoleon fraterno sanguine clarus;
Servatâ insignis patriâ, fortissimus heros
Scipiades sequitur, qui tot tantisque triumphis
Illustris, tandem fuit haud inglorius exul.
Proximus hunc sequitur sapiens Aurelius, amplum
Cui mens constanti regnum virtute tenebat,
Ipsius immotus judex hominumque patronus.
Hinc poscunt passi graviora heroës honores,
Qui famosa minus gesserunt nomina puri,
Virtutis tacitus pulchræ comitatus, et usque
Hos inter fulgent divini Socratis ora.
Tum quem non gratæ potuere expellere Athenæ,
Et, non signatâ conchâ, justissimus unquam.
Phocio deinde venit leto percussus iniquo,
Spartanusque Agis comesit, non nominis expers,
Invictusque Cato, quæ rupit vulnera pandens;
Hic genio infesto Brutus nusquam obvius ibit.

Vasta sed in medio senæ delubra tenentes,
Supra alios longè surgunt sublime columnæ,
Et stantes circum sacras famæ ipsius aras,
Spectatæ ante omnes, amplâ dominantur in aulâ.
Insidens primâ magnus splendebat Homerus,
Cui regale fuit solidoque adamante columnæ;
Ipse pater vatum divinis tempora vittis
Accinctus, cui cana fluit per pectora barba,
Atque animos cæcus monstravit fronte viriles,
Nec premit, annosum quamvis, infirma senectus.
Stant postes nitidæ Iliacis ex ordine pugnis,
Quà Venerem audaci Tydides vulnerat ictu,
Patrocli spoliis cæsi redit inclytus Hector,
Trojana hic victus raptatur mœnia circum.

T. N. Miller.

THE

DISTINGUISHING CHARACTERISTICS

OF

ANCIENT AND MODERN WARFARE.

An Essay,

WHICH OBTAINED THE TRURO PRIZE OF THIRTY GUINEAS.

By WALTER JOHN LAWRANCE,

THIRD MONITOR.

ARGUMENT.

The same principles influence all mankind—War, the great result of opposing principles, a necessary evil—The objects proposed to be obtained by War —Principal causes of War—Wars occasioned by love of Conquest; assertion of National Superiority; Religious differences; vindication of International Law; Civil differences—Distinguishing characteristics of Ancient and Modern Warfare—I. Laws of Warfare: Ancient Laws rudimentary—Rights of Conquest—Modern Times—Spirit of Chivalry—Laws of Modern Times discourage Slavery—Civilization has rendered Laws of War more merciful—Maritime Warfare, laws of—II. Ceremonial and religious part of Warfare: Ancient Times—Fetiales—Omens—Modern Times—Influence of Christianity—Not prevented horrors of War—III. Weapons and Discipline, Ancient and Modern—Use of Gunpowder—Modern Battles—Individuality of the Soldier lost—Armour—General Retrospect of points of Difference—Ways of overcoming an Enemy—Modern Science of Strategy—Result of Modern Science to shorten Wars—General superiority of the Modern System of Warfare—Wars advance Civilization—Arts and Genius favoured by Warfare—Conclusion.

ANCIENT AND MODERN WARFARE.

"—— Not answering wrong for wrong,
But witnessing that truth is strong,
And, outraged, bringeth woe;
'Tis this by lessons sad and stern,
To men who no way else would learn,
What thou art set to show."—TRENCH, "*Cabul.*"

WERE we to review the six thousand years of the world's history, we should find, amid the account of the various vicissitudes of nations, the rise and overthrow of peoples, the dominance of different sects and religions, and the multitude of ever-changing events, the same opposing principles at work, the same passions and instincts bringing about many different ends. The lapse of ages has not done away with that affinity which has ever existed between man and man: the same faults and the same virtues in turn ruin and elevate states now, as ever, and will do so, as far as we can judge, ever, as now.

The one great result of opposing principles which has been manifested since the Fall, is that of War. During every period of man's existence on the earth has War been co-existent with him; and no people, for any long period of its history, has been free from its influence. Through its means

have nations been overthrown, and liberty destroyed; the state raised to great power, and despotism rooted out: indeed, we might almost define the history of the world to be the history of its wars.

War must be regarded in itself doubtless as a great evil, as destroying commerce, exhausting the resources of a nation, draining its heart's blood; often unexpected, oftener unprepared for, always terrible. But, at the same time, the very fact of its continued existence proves that it must be regarded as a *necessary* evil; as needed to do away with the harm produced by the "long, long canker of Peace," for, "in a slothful Peace, both Courages will effeminate, and Manners corrupt;"[1] and for the doing away of numberless other wrongs too many to be each mentioned, but which all need a strong and sharp remedy, such as only War can supply. Peace encourages commerce, enriches a nation, stimulates industry; but the evils attendant on a lengthened Peace are but the natural consequence of the present state of man's nature and the present condition of the world; and when the time arrives when wars shall cease, then the whole existing organization of things must of necessity for ever be changed. In short, War and Peace would seem to spring one from another, as Winter from Summer, and Summer again from Winter, as Darkness follows Light, and Light is born of Darkness: War from Peace, as a consequence of those evils which are fostered by an over-long Peace; and Peace from War, as the result of the removal of those evils by this "Scourge of God."

Having acknowledged War to be a universal, and a necessary evil, it will be well to consider what are the objects proposed to themselves by states as likely to be attained by warfare, and then to see how the attainment of such objects

[1] Lord Bacon. Essay "Of the true Greatness of Kingdoms and Estates."

has been striven after, both in ancient and modern times; or, in other words, how warfare, considered absolutely, and without reference to the gaining of any particular end, has been conducted, in olden and in recent times. The vastness of the subject to be considered precludes any but the most cursory glance, and any but the broadest view; for, to enter into minute details (and no war is like another in every feature), would but hinder any arrival at a right understanding of the great distinguishing characteristics of the two systems.

Mention has been made of certain great opposing principles which have ever influenced and rent mankind, and these principles, whose existence we recognise in all ages and parts of the world, have been the main causes of wars. Now these principles would seem to be:—the principle of slavery acting against that of freedom, of despotism against liberty, of progress against retrogression, of the old against the new. Each of these has its unfavourable as well as its favourable sides, and each may be carried too far. But, hitherto, although the conflict has been unceasing, no one of these principles has ever gained so complete an ascendancy over the other as to possess for any time an undisputed sovereignty. Sometimes one, and sometimes the other, has prevailed; but the strife still continues, nor may we hope for a peace between them, until the good which each contains be united on some solid and enduring basis, at some time far beyond our ken, hidden in the dimness of an unfathomable Future.

Such are the principles which have originated, in a more or less degree, all warfare; and, as a natural result of their influence, the next consideration is with regard to the objects which all states have in view in going to war.

First in importance, as well as most frequently occurring throughout history, is the love of conquest, which has animated but too many ambitious spirits in bringing on their own and

other states the miseries of War. Ancient and modern histories alike furnish us with instances; nor are we at a loss to find in a Napoleon a parallel to the invincible son of the Macedonian Philip. Briefly to mention one or two other great objects which wars are waged to attain, the next motive seems to be a desire of asserting a superiority in forms of government, a general national supremacy of one state over another; a desire which led to the continued warfare which raged in ancient Hellas, owing to the respective claims of Sparta and Athenæ. Nor must we omit the wars carried on under the name of religion, the most cruel and barbarous that have ever devastated the world; as though the honour of Delphi must be vindicated by the Sacred War, or the fanaticism of Mohammed be forced on by the sword; as if the enthusiasm of the Crusaders rendered the Holy Sepulchre more holy, the honour of the Church called for the persecution of the Covenanters, or the majesty of the Vatican was avenged by the extermination of the Waldenses, and the refined and fiendish tortures of the Holy Inquisition.

Numerous are the motives which are unmentioned that have caused warfare in all times; such are,—wars undertaken for the maintenance of international law, for the succour of oppressed states, and, above all, that curse of any people, civil war, whether caused by the rebellion of the multitude against the sovereign, or the struggles of two parties endeavouring each to get the upper hand. Each of those which have been already mentioned might easily be subdivided into minuter heads; but looking at them separately in their widest point of view, we should find that all war has arisen from one or the other of these great motives of action.

And now, having thus very shortly noticed the principal causes of war, a notice which is rendered necessary by the

nature of the subject, we come to the immediate consideration of those characteristics which have distinguished the ancient from the modern system of warfare.

"War suspends the rules of moral obligation,"[1] says an English Statesman; and truly it seems to give men an opportunity to let loose their worst passions, to gratify an appetite for cruelty and revenge; and yet there has grown up a certain code of laws, nowhere written, nowhere settled, which, to an extraordinary degree, influence all wars, though they be at the most but traditional obligations. The first part of warfare which comes under our notice is what must be called, for want of a better appellation, the legal part. This seems at first a contradiction in terms, that anything so completely lawless as warfare should yet be bound by certain laws; still it will be found to be true that such laws really exist, and exercise, as has been already said, a most material influence on wars.

And here we light upon a great distinction between ancient and modern times. While we obey a body of usages which have been formed either by the instincts of humanity, motives of political expediency, or the advancement of civilization, in order to mitigate the horrors of warfare, in ancient times, on the contrary, under the existence of a more rudimentary system, the will of the conqueror is too frequently shown to have been the only law, and the measure of resistance he has experienced has too often determined the measure of vengeance he exercises.

Let us for a moment glance at the ancient system, and then compare with it the one now pursued. It must be said at once that, to the understanding of the real nature of ancient war, we are far more indebted to the historian than to the writer on the Art of War. One shows us war as it exists in

[1] Burke.

theory, the other gives us the stern reality, in the history of war as it was carried out in practice.

I. The laws, or rights of conquest claim our first consideration; and what a picture does this open to us of the miseries of the conquered in ancient times! These rights seem to have been entirely in the hands of the commander of the victorious army, who could show, as he thought fit, leniency or vengeance. Were he enraged at an obstinate resistance of a besieged town, frequently were the principal inhabitants massacred, and the rest sold into slavery: the slave-markets of the ancient world were mainly supplied from prisoners of war; nor had those who were captured when fighting for their liberty aught to expect but the most degrading servitude. History has made us familiar with massacres like that of Platæa or of Tyre; nor can we regard them in any other light but as the necessary consequences of the received ancient ideas of war. "What can convey," as has been well said, "a livelier impression of this primary idea" (barbarity to the conquered) "than those sculptured slabs from Egypt and Assyria, commemorating wars and conquests, every other trace of which has passed away; where, by all the resources of his art, ... the stone-cutter has laboured to produce a vigorous representation of the '*væ victis*,'—of triumphant pride and abject humiliation?"[1] But Greece and Rome alike allowed and even seemed to consider it as a law, that brutalities of the worst description should be perpetrated on conquered towns and states. Sometimes a pretext was urged of some violation of the "jus legatorum," or the religious portion of war, which will be noticed afterwards; but oftener without such pretext was the appetite for blood sated, and the demon of wrath appeased. Rome, however, far more than Hellas, exercised

[1] Oxford Essays, 1856, p. 90.

these barbarous rights of conquest. Carthage and Corinth were each destroyed in the most vindictive spirit; yet Scipio and Mummius received alike the thanks of the Republic. What a history of these "rights of conquest" is presented by the Roman triumph! All the wealth, the arts, the products, of the conquered nation, the beauty and the bravery of its inhabitants, the long, long line of captives, moving in sad procession towards the Capitol, the prince for whom they have fought, all alike swell the pomp and circumstance of the train of the victorious general. Thanks were offered to the Olympian Jove for the enslaving of a nation, and a democracy rejoiced because freedom had been extinguished. Similar was the course pursued with regard to the land of the enemy; not only was it used to provide for the wants of the invading army, but was wantonly devastated for the mere sake of devastation. Such, in ancient times, were the rights of conquest, rights which were not only unquestioned, but were sanctioned and recognised.

The gradual growth of civilization and refinement has wrought a wonderful change in modern times in the laws of war. But this change has been as slow as the growth of that civilization which produced it. Thus, in mediæval times, we find indiscriminate slaughter as much a part of war as in the Roman Empire. The spirit of chivalry, in extending mercy to the weak, and succouring the oppressed, produced the first great amelioration. The principles of honour and truth were more regarded; nor was it deemed unknightly to spare the fallen foe. There were certain rules which bound all knights of every country together, and prevented them from any breach of good faith and honour. Later, we find the barbarities of war greatly mitigated, and the efforts of the generals directed chiefly towards the repression of the spirit of plunder. This was especially manifested in the

wars of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries;[1] especially in the wars in France. Later still came into operation the system of requisitions, instead of that of indiscriminate plunder.[2] And, without going minutely into the details of the gradual alterations which modified and mitigated warfare, —changes sometimes adopted only partially, sometimes universally accepted,—we are enabled to draw the great distinction between the laws of ancient and modern warfare; viz. that while the laws of one encouraged, the laws of the other discourage, slavery, and, as we have seen in recent wars, have substituted the system of exchanging prisoners; and devastation and pillage are for the most part discarded by modern warfare. Various are the rules of courtesy by which we are guided when face to face with an enemy; nor has the good feeling subsisting between the opposing armies injured the cause of either in the shock of battle. On the whole, therefore, we may come to the conclusion, that advancing civilization has done its part in strengthening and establishing a code of laws which mitigate, while they do not remove, necessary evils; and that the ancient cruelty, so far as regards the wanton part of it, is done away with by the modern laws. If

> "This be true, till Time shall close,
> That principles are rain'd in blood;"[3]

we may at least hope that that blood is not shed in wantonness or unprovoked barbarity, but that the rugged edge of war may be smoothed by a code whose animating principle is Mercy.

Before we pass on to the second consideration,—the influence of religious observances in ancient and modern warfare,—one

[1] Oxford Essays, 1856, p. 100. [2] Ibid. pp. 101—105.
[3] Tennyson.

characteristic of modern warfare must not be omitted, which possesses laws of its own, and which, though it existed to a limited degree in ancient times, was regulated mainly by the same laws as those of ordinary warfare. This characteristic is that of *maritime* warfare. The vast increase of commerce, and the widely-extended knowledge of navigation, has rendered the possession of the property of the enemy on the seas as needful as that of his towns on land; while the ancient sea-fights were exclusively of the same character as those on land, with but little reference to the interests of commerce. The battles of Salamis and Mycale[1] were fought with land-troops, with but few tactics peculiar to fights on the sea, saving those necessary for the management of the ships; and the Romans, who at no time seem to have desired the sovereignty of the seas, were so overjoyed that they should ever have succeeded in defeating an enemy at sea, that they treated with greater honours than were ever shown to any man before, the consul[2] who had gained the signal victory. Maritime warfare, on the contrary, with us, has from the above-mentioned reasons become of great importance; it has even more laws than wars by land, owing to the requirements of commerce, which have become of such vast importance. It seems to be a mixed system, partly springing out of the rough usages of sea, partly from the legal considerations which have arisen from the spread of commerce. And, inasmuch as by a strict blockade the trade of an enemy may be ruined, we have the most stringent rules enforced by courts of law to prevent injustice while exercising a necessary vigilance. A full time is allowed for vessels of trade belonging to an enemy to leave the ports, and trade may even be carried on with an enemy through a neutral power, except in articles contraband of war.

[1] B.C. 479. [2] Duilius.

It is unnecessary to go into the details of naval law; suffice it to say, that in this branch of warfare, but little known to the ancients, humanity again exerts great power, and that commercial enterprise, which is now so essential to the prosperity of a nation, is interrupted only so far as is necessary for national honour.

Having considered generally the principal laws of ancient and modern warfare, we pass on to the consideration of the influence of religion in wars, as regards the ceremonial and devotional rites.

II. The ceremonial and religious part of warfare constituted so important a portion of it in ancient times, as to render the laws enforced by it almost the only ones strictly observed by the belligerent powers. And therefore these rites might well have been included under the head of the "laws of warfare," had it not been for the important feature which must be noticed in modern wars,—the direct and indirect influence of Christianity,—which precludes the above being considered separately, as "the laws of warfare." When we consider the pantheistic worship of the ancients, which gave to all nature, to earth and heaven and sea, to sun and stars, and light and darkness, the attributes of Divinity,—we do not wonder that there should have been many deities to appease, many omens to consult, many forms to observe, which, by reason of the high spirituality of the Christian religion, could never have a place amongst us. How important in time of war was the Roman "fetialis!" Ancient historians[1] have related the solemn observances of the Roman fetialis when a proclamation of war was made; their imprecations on the enemy; their solemn prayer to Jupiter; their awful denunciations of war, and fire, and slaughter, pro-

[1] More especially Livius and Varro.

nounced if the foe continued obdurate; and, lastly, that terrible token, the spear, charred and dipped in blood, emblem too fit of what so often followed in the track of the Roman arms. Nor was this ritual confined to declarations of war; the fetiales were alike important when treaties were concluded and peace ratified; and the hold which religious observances had on a nation which was in war most cruel and vindictive, may be seen by the short sentence of old Latin law summing up the power of the fetialis: "FŒDERVM, PACIS, BELLI, INDVCIARVM ORATORES FETIALES JVDICES QVE SVNTO; BELLA DISCEPTANTO."[1]

Again, the influence of the omens observed by the augurs was of the greatest importance, and had immense weight on the Roman army: the observations of birds, their singing and their flight, the office of the "pullarius," were all highly esteemed; and this last was so important, that if the sacred chickens refused to eat, a battle might be delayed, and the whole course of the war consequently altered. The eagle, "minister fulminis,"[2] was auspicious, and the owl inauspicious; and by such signs did one of the greatest of all nations determine on matters of the weightiest importance!

These omens were alike prevalent among the Greeks and among other of the ancient states; but the brief mention already made will be sufficient to show how wide and how deep was the power of rite, and omen, and ceremony, as a prelude to the desolation of warfare.

But as time wore on, and the Christian faith began to exert supremacy over the face of Europe, traces of such ritual gradually became less and less distinct, until, at the present time, none of those indispensable formalities (as they were considered in ancient times) exist amongst us. But

[1] Cicero, De Legg. ii. 9.
[2] "Qualem ministrum fulminis."—HORACE, *Od.* lib. 4, carm. iv.

we have that very influence which did away with such observances to consider in relation to modern warfare,—the Christian creed,—itself pre-eminently the Gospel of Peace. What influence has the Christian religion exerted on modern warfare? But the answer to this question, as given by history, does not show this influence to have been very great. The religion of the Gospel—albeit it be one of mercy—has not made the multitude of men more merciful; the religion of love has not made men, or at least the majority of men, more loving. Christian nations have not been celebrated for the mildness of the warfare they have waged; nor have Christian generals shown mercy to an enemy in virtue of their faith. The Holy Sepulchre, that pledge of reconciliation to all mankind, has been striven for by Mohammedan and Christian with a violence ill-befitting the holiness of the place for which they were striving; and the armies of Napoleon were revengeful none the less that they professed to belong to the Christian faith. Of little avail, alas! hitherto, has been the Christian religion in mitigating the horrors of war; for men have ever been slow to render those deeds of mercy for which they pray themselves.[1]

III. The next consideration which will occupy us will naturally be the more immediate one of the implements used for purposes of warfare; and, fourthly, as a result partly of such use, the discipline of the soldiery, in past and present times. These two heads are so closely connected that it will be better that they should be considered, when necessary, together.

In these respects ancient and modern warfare are indeed

[1] "We do pray for mercy:
And that same prayer should teach us all to render
The deeds of mercy."—SHAKESPEARE, *Merchant of Venice.*

essentially different. The spear, the sling, the dart, the arrow, common to ancient and mediæval times; the sword and lance, used alike in past and present warfare; such were the chief weapons in an engagement which were possessed by ancient armies. But, excepting the last two of these, none of the above are used amongst us; and we have instead the dreadful engine of gunpowder propelling masses of iron with frightful velocity against the enemy. Nor must the alteration in the system of attack and defence of fortified places; the catapult and battering-ram, directed against the massive walls of an ancient town, differ widely from the shot and shell, ploughing the earthen mounds which form the chief defence of modern fortresses. And hence arises that noted difference between ancient and modern battles; viz. that while in the one case each soldier was dependent on the steady bravery of his comrade and the deadly precision of his aim with dart or javelin, the individuality of the soldier is lost in the uncertainty occasioned by the weapon he uses, causing all the line to be "rolled in smoke." An aim cannot be taken with any precision by a modern soldier on a field of battle; and while the discipline must be as great as in ancient times to enable him to stand firm amid the storm of bullets, he does not depend, like the ancient soldier, so much on his own steadiness of aim to destroy the advancing foe. The slaughter in one is far different to that in the other; for while an ancient army might defeat the enemy with but little loss, a pitched battle in modern times, with the wholesale (if the expression may be used) slaughter caused by heavy artillery, must cause great, though naturally unequal, loss to either side.

We are daily perfecting some new agency which shall deal even greater destruction than those weapons we have already invented; the result will doubtless be, to make a battle

shorter by doubling the slain, and to sink more and more tactics and skill in the power of inanimate instruments of warfare. Doubtless military science will still be required in the commander as to the placing and the organization of his forces; but the sudden charges, the riding from place to place of the general to lead his men on to victory, the manœuvring and counter-manœuvring which so prominently distinguish every ancient field of battle, will become lost in the science of endeavouring to place some huge instrument of warfare in a position where it may destroy the greatest number of the enemy. The self-devotion of Decius would be of little avail, and individual prowess will give way, as it has to a great extent already done, to superior scientific skill.

In one respect, as to the amount of physical suffering inflicted on an army, the weapons of modern times are perhaps more humane. The sharp death-sting of the bullet is preferable to the lingering agony occasioned by the spear; nor, if the wound be not fatal, is the torture of the bullet so great as the jagged wound made by the dart or javelin. Modern humanity has denounced the use of poisoned arrows, with justice; for cruel must be that mind which would inflict a lingering death by the subtle venom creeping through the frame, and poisoning the life-blood.

The use of mail and armour, so necessary and so effective in ancient times, is now done away with, as of no avail to resist the superior power of the weapons employed: for the breast-plate and the cuirass, the helmet and the greaves, will ill effect the stoppage of the bullet in its passage, or ward off the death-stroke of the cannon-ball. To the cavalry alone is armour useful, as they alone use the sword in battle; and to them alone is necessary that individual prowess, of old so all-important, but now disregarded because useless. The officer may lead on his men by his voice and example;

and bravely have many fallen in their noble post: but the individual soldier is sunk in the mass, and is but a part of a great body, which, if well-ordered and well-disciplined, is irresistible.

We have noticed, step by step, the various characteristics which have distinguished ancient and modern warfare, in laws, religious observance, weapons, and discipline; it will be well to institute a comparison between the two systems, as a means of judging which of the two be the more preferable.

We have seen how inchoate and rudimentary were the laws of war in ancient times, and how they have been gradually developed in modern; while, on the other hand, we have noticed how the ceremonial observances of the ancients are done away with by the moderns. It is doubtless more for the purposes of humanity than for anything else that such laws have been framed, though some have been dictated by political expediency; and therefore we have the advantage in possessing a system which renders wanton barbarity almost impossible, and even, if committed, execrated by the voice of the whole civilized world; and mercy to a fallen enemy, as far as justice permits us, is ever preferred to vengeance. Again, with regard to the ceremonial part of warfare, we do not find that the ancients were a whit less barbarous because of their attention to ritual observances; and we have by our more merciful laws of war, and by curtailing the ceremonial part of it, worked far more benefit, and prevented instead of encouraging cruelty.

The means by which the enemy has been overcome have in all ages been the same: either by the subduing his powers of resistance, by conquering a portion of his territory, by exhausting all the sources of national wealth, and by inflicting injury and suffering on his people by destroying unfortified towns, burning and devastating the country, and murdering the un-

resisting part of the population.[1] Of these four methods the ancients seem more generally to have adopted the two latter, and the moderns the two former; modern warfare carefully denying the principles maintained in the last of these methods, principles which among the ancients had great and universal preponderance. The modern science of strategy has been said to consist "in selecting some point of military or political importance, or several of such points in succession, and directing upon these points a force greater than can be opposed to it."[2] That this is true has been abundantly proved by the example of a recent war, which discarding spoliation, or any attacking of defenceless towns,[3] has endeavoured, by reducing a stronghold, to gain possession of territory.

In the next place, to consider the comparative advantages of the ancient and modern system of fighting, with respect to the weapons used, and the discipline maintained. The natural result of the more powerful engines of warfare used in modern times, is naturally, by accomplishing the destruction of an army or a fortress sooner than in ancient times, greatly to shorten the duration of war, and thereby to mitigate the sufferings of the people enduring it. Who does not know the condition to which a nation is reduced by a protracted war? The heavy expenses of a large standing army, an army continuing to need replenishment from the consequences of battle or pestilence; the utter annihilation of commerce, and stagnation of trade; the youth of the country, its sinews, sacrificed to the insatiate spirit; the children fatherless, and mothers bereft of sons; the sickening alternations of anguish and despair, as the long death-roll reveals the name of one loved but too dearly, or the slow tidings come of some great reverse, the "hope deferred" of expectation: such are the evils and

[1] Oxford Essays, 1856. [2] Ibid. p. 97.
[3] As Helsingfors, or Odessa.

such the miseries of a protracted war. And if modern science take but a year from the duration of the struggle, it adds ten to the advancement of a state, and is to be ranked far above all ancient practice.

Or, again, as the laws of modern warfare forbid pillage and rapine to a victorious soldiery, and strengthen thereby the discipline of an army, rendering it neither excited by cupidity, nor demoralized by luxury, we are able again to assert our superiority over the ancients, by a stricter and more wholesome discipline of our armies.

Such is a brief view of the points of difference between the two systems, as they present themselves to the mind; and surely none will doubt, that in point of humanity and mercy, we have an immense superiority over the nations of old; and that, as far as the evils of war can reasonably be mitigated, they are mitigated by the modern code.

Let us hope that the time is past for men to follow solely their own ambitious designs, to plunge a continent in war: we are unable to avoid war oftentimes, without losing our honour and our dignity; but, when once engaged, our object is to conclude it as quickly as possible; our aim is ever—

> "If some dreadful need should rise,"
> To "strike, and firmly, and one stroke;"[1]

for war, though it may be undertaken without crime, thereby confers no liberty on us to protract it for our own selfish ends. We are bound, as those judged by the standard of right and wrong, to undertake war for just and right ends; we are bound, as Christians, to relinquish the sword as soon as those ends be accomplished.

It is frequently urged by those who look on wars as crimes, that wars retard the progress, not only of art and science, but

[1] Tennyson.

of civilization. Surely, were this so, it would be better to take advantage of the smallest pretext to avoid war, than to incur the guilt of stopping the progress of the world towards light. It may be true that the scale of progress is infinite, and that the advancement of one age beyond another is as nothing in the measure of eternity;—

> "Forerun thy peers, thy time, and let
> Thy feet, millenniums hence, be set
> In midst of knowledge dream'd not yet;
>
> Thou hast not gain'd a real height,
> Nor art thou nearer to the light,
> Because the scale is infinite." [1]

Yet should we be wrong were we to stop, in any degree, any advancement which is made by the world towards that perfection which it will require an eternity to attain. But we shall find that war has really advanced civilization: our civilization, and the civilization of many nations in Europe, was forced upon us and them by Roman arms; but who shall say that to this we do not owe our place in the ranks of civilized nations? By war, far oftener than by peace, has civilization been carried to barbarous nations; and possessions, as India, acquired by conquest, are rapidly becoming through this means converted to Christianity.

That arts and sciences are favoured rather than depressed by war, and genius fostered, is evident from the long list of names that each state can show of those who have flourished during time of war, in comparison with the few who have done honour to their country in time of peace: for in war, it seems that genius, fired by love of country, ever scintillates the brighter, while in peace, the absence of stirring events fails to inspire men with the same degree of ardour and

[1] Tennyson's "Two Voices."

patriotism.[1] And we come to no other conclusion, than that war, though an evil, is not only necessary, but even brings about good, though it should never be undertaken except evil call for redress. It is an evil, but as necessary to restore the balance of power and cleanse the political world of evils, as a summer storm is to restore again the balance of the elements. We may ever be prepared for war without being warlike; for a civilized nation may be no more warlike, than a warlike nation is averse to civilization.

We have thus seen how the horrors of war, at their height amid the Romans, have gradually been mitigated by a milder code, but experience has not taught us that wars are likely to be more infrequent hereafter than now. Some of the miseries of war may have been done away, but war still exists, nor can we tell when it may cease. It rests with us, however, by removing, as far as in us lies, the evils which cause wars, to render them less frequent and less bitter. The shadow of the Holy Cross falling on many lands, has not removed the conflicting principles which cause all strife; it has done much to mitigate it, and we must wait patiently for a full accomplishment of its power. Knowledge has come rapidly to the world, but still, "wisdom lingers;" but we wait for a time which may be yet far off, "certain" meanwhile,

[1] Our own country would furnish the best proof to us of the truth of this. Was it in a time of profound peace that those glorious three, Bacon, Spenser, and Shakespeare, flourished, or was it not rather when "the spacious times of great Elizabeth" resounded with the glory of our name, maintained proudly against all foes? Then, again, in the stirring times of the Lord Protector do we find Milton, that "seraph strong," leaving a name that will perish when the name of England shall be blotted out; and, after a blank in the history of genius, the wars of Marlborough, and the brilliant victories of our arms, give us Pope and Addison, Dryden and Steele, that cast a glory round the name of Anne. Was it not when Europe was convulsed with wars, in the end of the last and the beginning of the present century, that Scott and Gray, Byron and Southey, Moore and Coleridge, and others too numerous to mention, shed a lustre round the dying hours of the third George?

"If knowledge brings the sword,
That knowledge takes the sword away;" [1]

when, with the eternal heaven above us, and the mountains for our altars, with the clouds ascending from them as the smoke of an everlasting sacrifice,[2] we may celebrate a peace eternal as that heaven—eternal, as being, not a hasty reconciliation after strife, not an uncertain termination of an ancient wrong, but the concordant testimony of all mankind to universal love and goodwill.

WALTER JOHN LAWRANCE.

[1] Tennyson. [2] Ruskin.

MILTON PRIZE.

FOUNDED BY SIR C. M. CLARKE, BART.

1851.

ENGLISH VERSE.

THE CONVENT OF SAINT CATHERINE.

By WALTER JOHN LAWRANCE,

THIRD MONITOR.

WITH POEMS ON THE SAME SUBJECT,

By PHILIP EDMUND MONKHOUSE,

SECOND MONITOR;

AND PAUL WHALLEY,

FIFTH MONITOR.

THE CONVENT OF SAINT CATHERINE.

There are, who, when the last faint light has died
Down in the West, beyond the bleak hill-side,
Have looked in vain for any shelter nigh
From the cold aspect of the wintry sky;
When sudden, as their latest hope had flown,
A genial radiance on their path has shone;
Some moorland home extends its kindly breast,
O'erjoy'd, they enter in, and are at rest.

So, Holy Shrine, appears thine ancient pile,
Bidding the dreary mountain-land to smile;
So doth thy walls the way-worn pilgrim bless,
Sole shelter in the pathless wilderness;
So 'mid the high bleak cliffs and rugged stone,
Thou callest "welcome" to each desert-son;
A bright oasis in the boundless sand,
A rock-cast shadow in a weary land! [1]
O! who can view with aught but awe-struck eye,
The temple, and the mountain, and the sky?
Around, in giant desolation thrown,
Lie the rude masses of primæval stone;

[1] Isaiah xxxii. 2. "As the shadow of a great rock in a weary land.'

The riv'n and shadowy granite[1] steeps uprear
Their bare bold fronts amid the desert drear;
Thou stand'st alone on adamantine rock,
An anchor'd vessel in the tempest's shock;
Beneath—vast masses roughly shapen lie:
Above—stretch out the depths of blue eternal sky.

How, while we gaze, do ages backward roll,
And scenes of earlier days come o'er the soul!
The glass of Time is turn'd in Memory's hand,
And swift falls back the ever-shifting sand.
'Tis noon;—but noonday night o'er all is spread,
In every mind there reigns unearthly dread;
Before the Mount see prostrate Israel fall,[2]
While o'er the sky there hangs a dense dark pall;
Each peak is veil'd beneath a sable shroud,
While mighty thunderings echo from the cloud;
And angry lightnings with incessant glare
Gleam from the summit, cleave the sulph'rous air;
Louder and louder swells the trumpet tone,—
He comes, and mighty winds[3] upbear His throne;
Before His path the low'ring heaven bends,
The Lord God bows the sky, and on the Mount descends.

Again in flight Time's chariot wheels roll on;
Years follow years, like phantoms, and are gone.
Thy stately walls, thou holy Convent, rise;
Thy lofty towers pointing to the skies.
Say, wherefore here, in Paran's lonely vale,
Thy matin-bells make music to the gale;

[1] Burckhardt, in his "Tour in the Peninsula of Sinai," says, "the upper nucleus of Sinai is composed almost entirely of granite, forming a rocky wilderness . . . . of from thirty to forty miles in diameter."

[2] See Exodus xix. vv. 16—20.

[3] Psalm xviii. 10. "He did fly upon the wings of the wind."

And with rude clang thy cymbals sound on high,
By echoes changed to weirdest minstrelsy? [1]

Beneath the fierce glare of the noonday sun,
Thousands press round to see the death of one;
Gladly she waits, until its prison-house
Her soul shall burst,[2] and wed its heavenly spouse.
Lo! on her face there beams a sudden light:—
The blow is struck, the soul hath ta'en its flight.
Hail! holy virgin! martyr'd Catherine, hail!
From land to land shall fly thy wondrous tale:
And wheresoe'er thy glorious death is told,
The young shall burn, new vigour fire the old,
To show with her their love to that dear Lord,
Once scorn'd by men, but now by earth and heaven ador'd.
Rudely they bear her to the hurried tomb,
And over all night spreads her sable gloom.
But hark! what voices peal in triumph high,
What tones of more than earthly minstrelsy?
Lo! from the grave rejoicing angels bear,[3]
With swift-wing'd flight, that form so pale, so fair.
Soft murmuring breezes of the summer night
Stir her fair locks, and kiss her forehead bright;
Her placid arms are cross'd upon her breast:
She knows no more of sorrow or unrest.
Now sweet low music trembles all around
In a low cadence of harmonious sound;
The sleeping fields breathe incense from below;
Full-tided rivers answer as they flow;

[1] "The sound of its rude cymbals calling to prayer, and changed by the echoes into music as it rolls through the desert valley."—STANLEY.

[2] "Claustra carnis præsto frangi clausa quærit anima."—*Hymn of* S. PETER DAMIANI.

[3] S. Catherine was borne by angels from Alexandria to Mount Sinai, say the legends.

And from their paths the loving stars look down,
Gleam on her bosom, sparkle in her crown.
Onward, still onward, speeds th' angelic throng,
Onward, still onward, with untiring song;
Till, when the first dawn flush'd the mountain's crest,
Gently they lay her down, on Sinai's lap, to rest.

Time onward rolls, and thou art raised on high,
Thou noble pile, in lonely majesty;
Firm set memorial of the martyr'd maid,
Beneath thy roof by angel sisters laid:
Thy massive walls defy the spoiler's hand;
Inviolate, invincible, they stand:
'Gainst thee the foe will urge his strength in vain,
As waves roll back, rock-thwarted, to the main:
Scarce Time himself upon thy steadfast face
Hath writ one line, impress'd one ruin-trace.

Within thy nave, how mounts the trancèd sight
In maze on maze,[1] along thy storied height!
Here holy banners float in perfumed air;
Here rise dim cells of penitence and prayer;
And on the columns in the hallow'd shrine
The lotus and the laurel-leaf entwine.[2]
Beauteous art thou as she who bears thy name,
With love as mighty, and as wide a fame!
Most beautiful from Horeb's desert wide
To Almotana's dull and waveless tide.

[1] "Where far away, and high above,
In maze on maze the trancèd sight
Strays, mindful of that heavenly love
That knows no end in depth or height."—KEBLE'S *Christian Year.*

[2] For the description of the interior of the Convent, see "Sinai and Palestine," by Stanley, p. 51.

Here once, ere yet fanatic fires could light
His breast with fury, turn his day to night,[1]
Mohammed came; to whose entrancèd eye
Was here reveal'd his mighty destiny:
When, pausing in its flight, an eagle spread
Its broad-wing'd pinions [2] o'er his bended head.
—Alas! e'en here is proudly seen to toss
The Crescent banner with the blood-red Cross.

How dost thou hold thy calm majestic way,
Unmoved by years, unalter'd in thy sway!
How many a pilgrim here has found a home,
Here laid him down, beneath thy sacred dome,
Blessed, at last, to rest secure from harms,
Free from all troubles, knowing no alarms.
His long march in the sultry summer sun,
His weary watchings in the night, are done:
No more he wanders in the toilsome way;
No more he bears the burthen of the day;
No more is heard the deep heart-rending sigh,
Wrung from quick throbs of silent agony:
Thy shelt'ring bosom is his last abode,—
And his soul mounts, rejoicing, to its God.

The slow procession of the years goes by,
Each leaving where each found thy turrets high:
Yet changeless, thou dost every change despise,
Gazing at time with "calm eternal eyes;"
Rock-rooted guardian of an ancient faith,
Thou fear'st not evil, triumphing o'er Death:
Still may'st thou lend a kindly light to guide
The desert-sons up that lone mountain-side:

[1] A frequent Eastern image for the effects of wrath on the soul.

[2] "Where the body, there the eagles thick their broad-winged pinions thrust."—*Hymn of* S. Peter Damiani (Translation).

A hand to lead in all perplexity:
A beacon in a solitary sea:
Soon the wan Crescent's last expiring flame
Shall pale and die before the Saviour's Name;
Till over all be universal peace,
When good alone shall rule, and Earth's wild warfare cease.

Walter John Lawrance.

THE CONVENT OF SAINT KATHARINE.

Behind the marge, slow dropping from the day,
Fell the long glories of the setting ray,
In mellow light o'er all the mountain-land,
In gleaming lustre o'er the seas of sand,
In rosy flushes o'er the distant hills,
In star-like sparkles on the trickling rills,
In crowns of fire on Horeb's purple peaks,
In burning blushes on his ruddy cheeks.
Dread silence all, but nought so deadly still
As that deep vale beneath the awful hill;
Where, hush'd to stillness round the "Mount of God,"
In holiest awe expectant Israel trod;
On knees of lowliest adoration bow'd,
While swords of flame divide the shuddering cloud,
And storms of thunder myriad echoes wake,
And rocks of Horeb to their centre shake.
But louder than the tempest's angry roar,
Clearer than clarion ever rang before,
Rose on the wind the trumpet's quivering sound,
And Israel trembling shadow'd holy ground.
As from an altar clouds of incense rise,
Wreath upon wreath the smoke ascends the skies;

As round the altar kneeling forms attend,
On knees of prayer a suppliant people bend;
As on the altar quivering embers glow,
From rock and spire the fiery torrents flow;
As shakes the altar with the organ's note,
The reeling mountain trumpet-thunders smote;
Louder and louder rose that trumpet's cry,
Louder and louder echoes gave reply;
Deeper and deeper fell the veil of cloud,
No lightning now to pierce that gloomy shroud;
Till, as it fell, it rose, a vapoury spire,
And God "descended on the mount in fire."
The prophet's soul no doubts, no terrors fill,
Angelic voices whisper, "Peace, be still!"
What though the lightnings flash, the thunders peal!
What though those clouds Jehovah's form conceal!
He bade, Whose throne is on the rolling cloud,
Whose are the lightnings and the thunder-shroud;
He bade, nor life, nor death, hath power to stay,
The path is safe, for angels guard the way.

Strange recollections does the scene recall,
As o'er the mount the fiery sunbeams fall;
Tales that with awe the wondering soul inspire,
Legends of darkness, wrath, and clouds of fire.

But now the landscape teemed with rosy light;
Now all is wrapt in deep, intensest night.
But hark! the harmony of distant bells,
With slow, full sound, through all the valley wells:
Their fretted stone-work dim-lit windows show,
And full-voiced anthems echo soft and low.
Within the walls of yonder cloister'd shrine,
Christians and Moslems side by side recline,

Nor fear contagion from a common grave,
While side by side their sister standards wave.
In yonder vale, those granite rocks between,
The convent's spires and battlements are seen;
Alone in all that mighty waste of sand,
Christ's only witness in that desert land.
The song has died away, but all the air
Retains the sweetness of that hour of prayer;
And recollections of the days gone by
Pour in a ceaseless stream upon the memory.
Such was the time, the ancient legend sings,
The Virgin-saint was borne on angels' wings
Through the still darkness of the night profound,
To rest in peace within the holy ground.
Each echoing mount, each softly-murmuring gale,
Again rehearse that ever wondrous tale!
Awake! each rock, each mount-enchainèd dell,
Again the glories of that night to tell.

In the deep stillness of the clear cold night,
Ere the grey streaks foretold the dawning light,
While myriad stars in silver lustre shone,
And far off cloud-veil'd mountains slumber'd lone.
Cool was the deep blue Nile, and calm the sea,
So softly breathed the wind o'er lawn and lea,
As not to wake the bees in lily-bowers,
Or shake the dew-drops from the slumbering flowers.
Borne on its whispering pinions, still and clear,
Melodious music strikes the wondering ear,
The distant mountains catch th' angelic strain,
And dewy echoes breathe it back again;
The heaven is thrill'd with harmony divine;
The listening orbs with purer radiance shine;

As floating swiftly through the silent night,
With starry crowns that burnt celestial light,
In mystic robes of samite pure array'd,
With choicest gems and costliest gold inlaid,
Bright angels bore on wings of silver sheen,
The lifeless body of the martyr'd Queen.
Across her breast, clasp'd by her moveless hand,
Lay the green honours of the martyr's wand:
Still to her finger clung the mystic ring,
Sweet seal of union with her lord and king.
Her pure cold face, with closed eyes serene,
Her last celestial smile, her fervent mien,
And all her features dead, yet lovely, prove
The deep devotion of her boundless love.
Four angels clad in robes of purple dye
Wake the still air with sounds of melody,
Their brows with wreaths of roses red were twined,
And on their pillowing arms the virgin's head reclined,
Four clothed in purest white support her feet,
And warbling low the echoing strain repeat;
To grace their brows, which o'er her features bend,
Four lily crowns their snow-white honours lend.
Swift as a dream they pass'd, the murmuring rill
Was hush'd to silence, and the busy mill
Forbore to turn its slow and weary round,
And nature paused and hush'd to hear so strange a sound.
The wind nor sough'd nor sigh'd, but still and cool
As not to raise the ripple on the pool.
The flowers rose up to watch those forms divine,
The joyous trees their humid arms entwine,
The sleeping herds uprear'd their slumbering heads,
And quick bright eyes peep'd out of mossy beds:
Till, slowly fading from the 'wilder'd sight,
The heavenly vision mingled with the night.

While falling, falling o'er the distant hills,
In one low note that all th' empyrean thrills,
The lingering accents of the angels' song,
Far distant melt the wandering clouds among.

Strange recollections does the scene recall,
As o'er the mount the dews of even fall;
Tales of a heart to deep affection given,
Legends of love, of chastity, of heaven.

P. E. Monkhouse.

THE CONVENT OF SAINT CATHERINE.

O Time, that hid'st the tracks of glorious men,
Canst blot God's footprints from our earthly ken?
A few poor monks, a convent's moulder'd cells,
An olive-plot, some scanty weed-grown wells,
Sole signs of memory lingering in decay,
Sole gleams of holy love's last flickering ray.
Reck we so light of Deity display'd?
Why here no bending knees, no temple-shade,
Where Moses' rod reveal'd the hidden fount,
Where God's veil'd brightness ambient clothed the mount,
Where glory dimm'd Elijah's fainting eyes,
Where flamed the bush its fiery mysteries?
All bare! all waste! neglected or forgot
The pristine glories of the hallow'd spot!
Perchance some pilgrim rears his prayerful hands,
Or traveller soil'd with dust of other lands,
Some roving Arab bows his reverent head
Before the imprint of his Prophet's tread.[1]
Else day by day the gloomy silence mocks
The purple grandeur of the scornful rocks;

[1] The footmark of Mahomet is shown upon Mount Sinai, near the Convent; but it is supposed, or acknowledged to have been fabricated by the monks, to secure the worship of the Arabs.

And day by day the stream untasted flows,
And paths, untrodden, sleep in dull repose.

Fondly the orphan clasps, bedew'd with tears,
Some dear memorial of unmourning years;
Fondly the mother haunts the vacant grove,
Some absent son has hallow'd with his love;
All fondly, too, the heart-true friend must eye
Each token sweet of friendship's mystery:
Yet none is seen, where every stone can lend
Some dear remembrance of a more than friend;
But lonely crags, rear'd mass o'er mass sublime,
Victors o'er wind, and storm, and crumbling Time,
Zenith-ward fling, like coals of pilèd fire,
Their ruddy blocks, a granite-flaming pyre.
No utt'rance—save the tempest's thund'rous growl,
The echo lone, the wild wind's random howl:
No motion—save of those dim clouds that sweep,
Like phantoms dark, along the ragged steep.
No sound, no stir, no life. Oblivion, fear,
And solitude, alone proclaim their presence here.

Turn, aching eyes! turn, sadden'd heart, away!
Turn, roving backward to a nobler day!
Let Fancy build what Time has overthrown,
And rear afresh the desecrated stone!
For many convents once, far homes of hope,
Fleck'd the dull russet of the granite slope.
Here many a hermit's breast has swell'd with praise,
And saint has joy'd a sister-strain to raise;
Monastic hymns have roll'd along the air,
And heaven's thrill'd azure felt the raptured prayer.
The virgin morn, ere touch'd with earthly taint,
Greets the pure breeze whereon their anthems faint;

Eve, ere she bears her load of cares away,
Lingers to list the chants that shut the day:
Their stainless lives, fair rivers mirror-clear,[1]
Dusk not with worldly guilt, or guilty fear:
Each day each sin repented and forgiven,
They press firm footsteps onward unto Heaven.
A healing faith they cull from every peak,
Read in the skies a hope too deep to speak;
At sunrise, musing praise, at sunset roam,
Sweet censers teeming to th' ethereal dome.
So live they: happy, humble, peaceful, pure,
No cares to vex, and no deceits to lure.
No worldly passions with perfidious gale
O'er restless waves their fragile barque assail:[2]
Nor Envy here has bared her guileful tooth,
Nor here Deceit has aped the garb of Truth;
From tumult far, far from Ambition's strife,
They hide the quiet of a saintly life.

Yes, happy all; yet happiest the few,
Whom God had mark'd one envied work to do.
Blest eyes, that saw the angel-pennons wave!
Blest hands, that laid the martyr in her grave!
O theme too high for weakling harp to dare!
Too dear to leave, too thrilling to despair!
The earth-bound soul all wildly seeks to rise,
The yearning eye turns dazzled from the skies,
Warm thoughts gush up beneath the sealèd tongue,
Yet ice-tied still the fountain of my song.
Spirit of Milton! if, one fleeting hour,
Death may release thee from his shackling power;

[1] "In die spiegel-klare fluth."—Uhland.
[2] Lamartine, "Les Méditations Poëtiques."

If yet no film has marr'd thy prophet-eye,
Still wont to reach where cherub-pinions ply,
O lend thy aid, sustain my faltering line,
And flood my spirit with the light of thine!
So in no twilight vision shall I grope,
Where shapes uncertain mock the baffled hope;
But forms divine shall on my raptured glance
Press with full brightness through the hallow'd trance,
Shall sweep my bolden'd fingers o'er the lyre,
And stream in glowing numbers from my lips of fire.

The crowd is dense in Alexandria's square,[1]
The crowd is dense—but stillness broodeth there:
Still, like the sea, enwrapt in gloomy spell,
That sleeps beyond Ardeni's billowy swell.
Each spell-chain'd eye the self-same sight surveys,
Each upward face the written fear betrays.
The torturing wheels, the deathsman's axe behold!
The martyr'd maid in garb of sable fold!
But see—what glory fills yon misty shroud!
What floating music hangs within the cloud!
—Accepted is thy martyrdom, O Saint!—
The odorous air with angels' flight is faint;
Seraphic fingers, dimly heard though nigh,
Sweep dulcet chords of lyric symphony.
Four bright arms sever from the band of love,
That heralds welcome to the courts above:
Four bright hands, vapour-veiled, the corpse upbear,
Senseless and cold, into the silent air:
Above—the glory of an angel choir,
Beneath—a human throng wild with unholy fire.

[1] St. Catherine was beheaded at Alexandria by order of the Emperor Maximin, A.D. 307. The executioners attempted to torture her with spiked and sharp-cutting wheels, but the wheels, says the legend, flew asunder, and refused to perform their office.

See where their peerless sister seraphs bear,
Lightly incumbent, on the upswelling air.
Oh! bear her gently, seraphs, intertwine
Your cradling arms around that form divine!
Ah! weave them softly round the mangled clay!
Softly—though life and sense are wrung away,
Though marring hands the heaven-shed brightness stole
From that fair dwelling of a fairer soul.
Each smile has parted with the parting breath,
And half her heavenly grace is reft by death,
Yet beauty lives where'er the eye may stray,
Still fair in ruin, lovely in decay.[1]

Oh, yet they fade! those wounds of earthly ire,
Restored perfection crowns the pure desire;
Scarce trace ye there the sign-marks of the dead,
The aureole clings around her beamy head,
Her lustrous raiment gleams with gauzy white,
All lightly surface-touch'd with rosy light,
As where the young dawn, Alp-enamour'd, sows
Her roseate blossoms on the virgin snows.

High above sands, and wastes, and rocks, and streams,
Sweep the bright throng, clad in celestial beams.
Further and further seen, like meteor near,
O'er awe-struck Egypt whirl their swift career,
O'er the black Nile, and skirting cornfields green,
O'er the pale sand, and azure wave between;[2]
The clouds, love-bending o'er them, arch their way,
And moth-like starlights fluttering round, decay;
Soft falling winds hang dim on their retreat,
Round silver-shadow'd wings, and sheeny feet;

[1] "Single in ruin, mighty in decay."—Rogers' "*Italy.*"
[2] The waters of the Red Sea are peculiarly blue.

And trailing splendours, white in whitest day,
Slow fading linger on the traversed way.
Onward they come to Sinai's giddy height,
And, lo, the Convent draped in western light;
The music of their coming, swept anigh,
Blends with the solemn vesper-chants on high.
They come—they pause—they lay their burden there,
While mournful earth receives the charge they bear;
Then heaven-ward spread in flight the parting van,
And man may end the work that God began.

Nor yet shall Time, chaste Martyr, o'er thy grave
Roll the dark tide of his Lethæan wave;
E'en though long days have interposed a veil,
And gathering clouds o'er parted scenes prevail,
And victor years have swept in whelming waves
Victims less fair to more regretted graves;
Less good, less fair, for oh! how beauteous she,
Clad round with love and loving charity!
Yet can the fancy, fraught with ardent light,
Inform the spirit with her image bright,
And, as to one, who forces failing eyes
On a full sun that glows in noonday skies,
Aye growing, it dilates its molten rays,
And leaves the glory on his dazzled gaze:
So does thy shape, bright Catherine, fill the sight,
And crowd the eyes with undistinguish'd light;
So has it drown'd all image but thine own,
And all but thoughts of thee the spirit must disown.

P. Whalley.

ST. PAUL'S SCHOOL.

WINTER SPEECHES, 1856.

LATIN LYRIC TRANSLATION.

Thruston Memorial Prize.

AD PAULINOS MEOS.

En, Pueri dilectissimi, Militum τετράδιον, quorum tres vestri præmiis insigniti prodeunt, meus autem "non ita certandi cupidus quam propter amorem," quod vobis placere aveo, non enim corollarium nisi vos habeo quod capiti accingam meo?

Solennis jam prope apud nos inveteravit mos ut a me confictos utcunque versiculos prolusionibus vestris ultro admisceam, non tantum quod vos amem, et Latinas literas maximi semper faciam, sed quia intelligatis volo Magistro solatia atque oblectamenta esse quæ discipulo molestias exacerbare videantur. Quod vero ad institutam scriptionem attinet, cui non vestrum in mentem venerit subtristis hodie recordatio condiscipuli, commilitonis vestri, septem fere ab hinc annos, Cœleste præmium, quemadmodum spero, reportantis, quum vixdum stipendia prima faceret? Vos vero valete, et, quod illi quem desideramus contigisse credibile est, Christum Adventantem præstolantes Præsentem vestrum facite.

H. K.

Dabam e Domo Coletinâ,
Comitiis Hibernis, MDCCCLVI.

THE CHRISTIAN SOLDIER.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

"SERVANT of God! well done;
Rest from thy loved employ;
The battle fought, the victory won,
Enter thy Master's joy."

The voice at midnight came;
He started up to hear:
A mortal arrow pierced his frame,
He fell,—but felt no fear.

Tranquil amidst alarms,
It found him in the field,
A veteran slumbering on his arms,
Beneath his red-cross shield:

His sword was in his hand,
Still warm with recent fight,
Ready that moment, at command,
Through rock and steel to smite.

It was a two-edged blade,
Of heavenly temper keen;
And double were the wounds it made,
Where'er it smote between:

MILES CHRISTIANUS

EMERITIS STIPENDIIS EXAUCTORATUS.

"Numinis cultor, bene dimicâsti!
Sit tibi cari requies laboris;
Jam satis pugnæ, Domini venito
Victor in aulam."

Nocte divinas sonuisse voces
Audit arrectus; volucrisque arundo
Trajicit pectus, neque concidentem
Occupat horror.

Non pavens belli varios tumultus
Oppetit mortem, clypeo tegente
Igneâ ornato Cruce, miles inter
Arma recumbens:

Dexterâ strictum gladium potenti
Corripit, pugnâ calidum recenti,
Saxaque et ferrum, Domini paratus
Findere jussu.

Ensis est anceps, acieque acutâ,
Qualis in cœlo, duplicesque semper
Incutit plagas, feriens tremendo
Corpora ferro:

'Twas death to sin;—'twas life
To all that mourn'd for sin;
It kindled and it silenced strife,
Made war and peace within.

Oft with its fiery force,
His arm had quell'd the foe,
And laid, resistless in his course,
The alien-armies low.

Bent on such glorious toils,
The world to him was loss;
Yet all his trophies, all his spoils,
He hung upon the Cross.

At midnight came the cry,
"To meet thy God prepare!"
He woke, and caught his Captain's eye;
Then, strong in faith and prayer,

His spirit, with a bound,
Burst its encumbering clay:
His tent, at sunrise, on the ground
A darken'd ruin lay.

The pains of death are past,
Labour and sorrow cease,
And life's long warfare closed at last,
His soul is found in peace.

Soldier of Christ! well done;
Praise be thy new employ:
And while eternal ages run,
Rest in thy Saviour's joy.

Improbo mortem tulit; ingementi
Vita peccatum fuit; excitavit
Leniitque iras, animoque pacem
Bellaque reddit.

Sæpe vi sævum superavit hostem
Brachium ardenti; rapidoque cursu
Stravit infestum generosus agmen;
Clara sed illum.

Facta tentantem, nihil adjuvabat
Mundus, at semper spolia atque ab hoste
Rapta suspendit gladio tropæa
In Cruce cuncta.

Nocte divinæ sonuere voces;
"Stare jam coram Domino parare!"
Tum Ducem, surgens, videt intuentem,
Et prece fortis,

Et fide gaudens animus catenas
Corporis rumpit; jacuere tecta,
Sole jam lucem referente, cæcâ
Strata ruinâ.

Ille non mortis metuit dolores,
Jam labor cessat gemitusque; tandem
Spiritus post tot requiescit usque
Prœlia vitæ.

O Dei miles! bene dimicâsti;
Sint tibi laudes studium perenne;
Sæcla dum currunt sine fine, Christi
Pace fruaris.

THOMAS NOLAN MILLER.

MILES CHRISTIANUS

EMERITIS STIPENDIIS EXAUCTORATUS.

" Surge, bellator Domini, catervas
Hostium fortes bene propulisti!
Jamque, confectis operis, tenebis
Gaudia cœli."

Nocte divinæ sonuere voces;
Audit attentus Dominum vocantem;
Perculit pectus furiale telum,
Ille, timorem

Sentiens nullum, cadit; in perîclis
Nempe tranquillum reperit sagitta;
Militem velat placido sepultum
Parmula somno.

Corripit pugnâ calidum recenti
Strenuis ensem manibus; paratus
Ire per rupes, scopulosque jussus
Findere duros.

Miles in pugnâ gladium bipennem,
Igne cœlesti bene præparatum,
Prendit, et victor duplici catervas
Diffidit ictu;

Morte peccantem meritâ secutus
Præbuit vitam facinus dolenti;
Movit, aut æque posuit tumultus,
Pace duella

Temperans almâ; pavidasque sæpe
Igneo turmas pepulit vigore,
Hostium pugnax rapido retorquens
Agmina cursu.

Gloriæ Christi studiosus, omnes
Negligit pompas, pretiumque inane;
Cuncta, quæ fortis tulerat tropæa,
Præmia cuncta

In Crucem tollit Domini beatam.
Nocte cœlestes sonuere voces,—
"Surge, nam Christi faciem videbis!"
Surgit, et altum

Principem cernens, precibus catenas
Strenuus segnes animus reliquit,
Cæca dum tectum jacuit ruina
Solis ad ortum

Præterit mortis dolor atque luctus,
Præterit vitæ tumidæ duellum;
Militis constans animus beatâ
Pace quiescit.

Jam frui, cultor Domini, parare
Gaudiis cœli; tibi grata semper
Cura sit Christi sine fine magnas
Dicere laudes.

WALTER JOHN LAWRANCE.

MILES CHRISTIANUS

EMERITIS STIPENDIIS EXAUCTORATUS.

" Huc ades, fortis Domini minister!
Prœliis actis, meritâque palmâ,
Gaudium Patris repetens, amatum
Siste laborem."

Personat noctis mediæ tenebras
Clamor; et, telo periturus acri,
Exsilit lecto, vigilesque lætus
Applicat aures:

Procidit, sed non tremefecit ullus
Pectoris robur metus: inter arma
Sæva tranquillus, clypeoque tectus
Membra decoro;

Dormiens campo, tamen haud inermis
Oppetit miles vetus; et recenti
Continet pugnâ tepidum, manuque
Protegit ensem.

Nec minus vires, Domino jubente,
Rupis et ferri penetrâsset anceps;
Et duplex fecit, quoties cecidit,
Vulnus ubique;

Mors erat culpæ,—nimium gementi
Præbuit vitam ; furialis idem
Litis, et, bello fugiente, pacis
Signa ferebat.

Sæpe flammato ferientis ictu,
Dextra crudelem subigebat hostem,
Sæpe non sævo retinenda cursu
Straverat omnes

Advenas : tali superante curâ
Gloriæ toto melioris orbe,
Hic Cruci prædas tribuebat omnes,
Exuviasque.

Voce nocturnæ quatiuntur auræ,
" Obveni promptus Domino ! " paratus
Surgit, agnoscensque oculum benigni
Principis astat ;

Tunc et objectos superavit artus
Spiritus fidens, precibusque fortis ;
Tecta mox campo jacuere nigrâ
Lapsa ruinâ.

Mortis expulsi fugiunt dolores ;
Occupat sedes animus beatas ;
Ceditur lasso requies laboris,
Militiæque.

Macte, bellator, pietate ! Christi,
Laus erit posthac studium, tenenti
Gaudium læto Domini, per omne
Temporis ævum.

Edmund Fuller Griffin.

MILES CHRISTIANUS

EMERITIS STIPENDIIS EXAUCTORATUS.

"Miles egisti bene Christiane;
Missus in cœlum cape gratulantis
Læta post pugnas, operum solutus,
Dona Magistri."

Nocte vox seros cecinit receptus;
Sublevans sese, feriente telo,
Fortis immoto periisse vultu,
Oppetit heros:

Nempe sopitum, media inter arma,
Pulsat obtectum clypeo sagitta,
Quem superjectæ Crucis excubantem
Consecrat umbra;

Cæde conspersum gladium recenti
Corripit dextrâ, scopulos acuto
Qui vel obstantes, Domino jubente,
Differat ictu;

Arte cœlesti duplices recusus
Incutit plagas, ubicunque vivo,
Ossa perrumpens simul et medullas,
Fulminet igni;

Tristis infensis, reficit Salutem
Pœnitet si quos; acuit querelas,
Arbiter pacis simul et duelli,
Summovet idem.

Sæpe divinâ metuenda lamnâ
Dextra pugnaces scelerum catervas
Fregit, invictoque aliena cursu
Propulit arma.

Gloriæ tantum studiosus artes
Repulit vulgi; Domini tropæis
Cuncta suffixit spolia, interempto
Hoste relucens.

Nocte vox serâ insonuit; "Paratum
Christus adventat,"—celer intuentem
Prospicit, vitâ fugiente, Regem;
Tum prece fidens

Spiritus claustris animosus arctis
Exsilit; ruptis resoluta velis
Procidunt, leto quatiente, tecta
Solis ad ortum.

Mortis ingentes siluere luctus,
Desinit vitæ simul et laborum,
Bella componens animus repertâ
Pace quiescit.

Miles, O factum bene, Christiane!
Sorte jam versâ manet otiosum
Te beatorum chorus, et perennis
Gaudia cœli.

H. K.

SCHOOL PRIZES.

LATIN HEXAMETERS.

1815. Alfred Ollivant.
Alfred Ollivant.
1816. F. Goode. } C. Lane.
1817. Alfred Ollivant.
1818. S. J. Boileau.
1819. S. J. Boileau.
1820. E. Judge.
1821. Josiah Pratt.
1822. James Prince Lee.
Markland Barnard.
1823. James Prince Lee.
1824. James Prince Lee.
1825. W. A. Soames.
1826. Jos. W. Blakesley.
1827. Jos. W. Blakesley.
1828. J. W. Hall.
1829. J. W. Hall.
1830. J. W. Hall.
1831. Edw. Howes.
1832. W. Alex. Osborne.
1833. G. Knox.
1834. A. Eddis.
1835. A. Eddis.
1836. Benj. Jowett.
1837. C. S. Stokes.
1838. Benj. Webb.
1839. T. Burnaby.
1840. S. N. Stokes.
2. W. Smith.
1841. G. Brien.
1842. C. C. Crakanthorp.
1843. R. B. Brien.
1844. S. Vincent.
1845. A. J. Carver.
1846. C. J. Clay. } G. F. Prescott.
1847. H. F. Shebbeare.
1848. C. A. Prescott.
1849. F. W. Thruston.
2. G. W. Lawrance.
1850. G. W. Lawrance.
1851. H. W. Lord.
1852. H. W. Lord.
1854. Burman Cassin.
1855. H. J. Matthew.
1856. W. J. Lawrance.
1857. P. Whalley.

LATIN HEXAMETER TRANSLATION.

1848. J. D. Kingdon. } P. S. Royston. } F. W. Thruston.
2. G. W. Lawrance.
1849. G. W. Lawrance. } R. C. May.
1850. G. W. Lawrance.
2. W. W. Capes. } H. W. Lord.

LATIN ELEGIACS.

1843. R. B. Brien.
1845. C. J. Clay.
2. G. F. Prescott.
1846. H. F. Shebbeare.

LATIN LYRICS.

1827. Benj. Dan. Walsh.
1841. G. Brien.
1842. R. B. Brien.
1844 R. B. Brien.
1847. S. R. Calthrop.

THRUSTON MEMORIAL PRIZE.
Latin Lyrics.

1850. G. W. Lawrance.
1851. W. W. Capes. } H. W. Lord.

1852. J. Kempthorne.
1853. H. W. Prescott.
1854. F. C. Blyth.
1855. W. J. Lawrance. }
P. Whalley. }
E. F. Griffin. }
1856. T. N. Miller. }
W. J. Lawrance. }
E. F. Griffin. }

ENGLISH VERSE.

1815. John A. Mawe.
1816. Charlton Lane.
1817. Sotherton Backler.
1818. Francis Walsh.
1819. S. J. Boileau.
1820. E. Judge.
1821. C. W. Chalklin.
1822. James Prince Lee.
Markland Barnard.
1823. W. J. Copeland.
1824. W. A. Soames.
1825. T. H. Steel.
1826. T. H. Steel.
1847. T. F. S. Rawlins.
2. W. C. Valentine.
1848. W. C. Safford.
2. S. R. Calthrop.
1849. P. S. Royston.
2. E. M. Birch.
1850. G. W. Lawrance.
2. J. H. Cooper.
1851. G. W. Lawrance.
2. W. W. Capes.

MILTON PRIZE.—English Verse.

1852. H. W. Lord.
1853. J. Kempthorne.
1854. A. S. Thompson.
1855. F. C. Blyth.
1856. T. Graham.
1857. W. J. Lawrance.

GREEK IAMBICS.

1828. C. S. Absolom.
1829. J. Edw. Kempe.
1830. Edw. Howes.
1831. J. W. Hall.
1832. H. Howes.
1833. Robert Hawkins.
1834. C. Coleby Roberts.
1835. Benj. Jowett.
1836. Benj. Jowett.
1837. C. S. Stokes.
1838. W. N. Harriott.
1839. S. N. Stokes.
1840. G. R. Kingdon.
1841. F. C. Walsh.
1842. G. Brien.
1843. S. Vincent.
1844. S. Vincent.
2. R. B. Brien.
1845. R. B. Brien.
2. C. J. Clay.
1846. G. F. Prescott.
1847. H. Kennedy.
1848. S. R. Calthrop.
2. C. A. Prescott.
1849. J. D. Kingdon. }
P. S. Royston. }
1850. R. C. May.
1851. S. Lobb.
1852. R. N. Sanderson.
1853. J. Kempthorne.
1854. H. T. Kingdon.
1855. T. N. Miller.
1856. F. Whyley. }
T. N. Miller. }
1857. T. N. Miller.

SLEATH PRIZE.—Latin Essay.

1824. W. J. Copeland.
1825. W. A. Soames.
1826. T. H. Steel.
1827. F. Grueber Lugard.
1828. C. S. Absolom.
1829. J. Couchman.
1830. Jacob Hugo North.
1831. Edward Howes.
1832. H. H. Swinny.

1833. A. A. Kempe.
1834. C. Coleby Roberts.
1835. E. F. Coke.
1836. C. S. Stokes.
1837. C. S. Stokes.
1838. S. N. Stokes.
1839. W. Smith.
1840. W. Smith.
1841. E. H. Rice.
1842. G. Brien.
2. C. C. Crakanthorp. }
W. Brodrick. }
1843. S. Vincent.
2. A. J. Carver.
1844. S. Vincent.
1845. A. J. Carver.
2. R. B. Brien. }
C. J. Clay. }
1846. C. J. Clay.
1847. J. R. Monkhouse.
1848. C. A. Prescott.
1849. J. D. Kingdon.
2. F. W. Thruston.
1850. J. H. Cooper.
2. G. W. Lawrance.
1851. S. Lobb.
1852. J. Kempthorne.
1853. A. De M. Hensley.
1854. H. T. Kingdon.
1855. T. N. Miller.
1856. T. N. Miller.
1857. T. N. Miller.

ENGLISH ESSAY.

1840. S. N. Stokes.
2. W. Smith.
1841. G. Brien.
1843. A. J. Carver.
2. F. Metcalfe.
1844. A. J. Carver.
2. C. J. Clay.
1845. A. J. Carver.
2. C. J. Clay.
1846. C. J. Clay. }
G. F. Prescott. }
1852. J. Kempthorne.
1853. A. S. Thompson.
1854. F. C. Blyth.
1855. H. J. Matthew.
1856. W. J. Lawrance.
1857. P. E. Monkhouse. }
P. Whalley. }

TRURO PRIZE.—English Essay.

1851. W. W. Capes.
1852. H. W. Lord.
1853. A. De M. Hensley.
1854. A. S. Thompson.
1855. F. C. Blyth.
1856. T. Graham. }
P. E. Monkhouse. }
1857. W. J. Lawrance.

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FOR THE WINTER SPEECHES, 1857.

THRUSTON MEMORIAL PRIZE.

LATIN LYRICS.

MILTONUS.

Metre, Alcaic.

FOR THE APPOSITION, 1858.

SLEATH PRIZE.

LATIN PROSE TRANSLATION.

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From "I shall detain you no longer," to "renowned and matchless men."

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HERBERT KYNASTON, D.D.
High Master.

ST. PAUL'S, *May* 27, 1857.